THE NEW STUDENT

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Putting Your Ideals to Work

By NORMAN STUDER

Robinson Jeffers

By ELISEO VIVAS

Disillusion and the Absolute

By NEWTON ARVIN

Can Debating Survive?

By J. MACK SWIGERT

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Contributors

J. Mack Swigert is president of the Harvard University Debating Council. He is a member of the class of '30 in the College.

Helen Joan Johnson is a Junior at Oregon State College, Corvallis, Oregon.

Amos Pinchot is a lawyer and publicist.

Fred Romberg is a student at the University of Texas.

William Orton is a student of the British Labor movement. He is now professor of economics at Smith College.

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The Intercollegiate World

Will He Explain?

HARVARD students have taken it upon themselves to ask President Lowell to explain why he suppressed important evidence from his report on the Sacco-Vanzetti case in his capacity as head of the Governor's Advisory Committee. The *Harvard Progressive*, organ of the Harvard Socialist Club, carries an article on the first page of its first issue asserting that "President Lowell Should Explain."

The article was written by Gardner Jackson, Chairman of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. He gives a detailed account of this suppression which has come to light more than a year and a half after the death of the two anarchists. It was brought to light by Bernard Flexner and Charles C. Burlingham acting as an editing sub-committee for Elihu Root, John W. Davis and other prominent lawyers who form the committee sponsoring the publication of the records of this case. The facts are set forth in the fifth volume of the record just issued by the publishers, Henry Holt & Company.

Two friends of Sacco testified at the Dedham trial in 1921 that they were with him in Boston the day of the holdup and murders in South Braintree. "They remembered their visit with Sacco especially because of their conversation turning on a banquet being given that very day to the then-editor James T. Williams of *The Boston Transcript*. . . . Bosco testified that he checked his memory of the date of the Williams banquet by looking in the file of *La Notizia*, an Italian daily in Boston with which he is associated as editor." Despite the arrangement laid down by President Lowell at the outset of the investigation that he was to hear only new witnesses, he privately investigated the testimony of these two chief alibi witnesses, found what he thought was a weak spot in their alibi and to the surprise of everyone summoned them before him toward the end of the investigation. When he thought he had discredited their testimony he turned to William G. Thompson and Herbert B. Ehrmann, counsel for defense, and said that he thought that a "serious alibi" had been discredited. On the following day when he was shown to be mistaken, he apologized to the two men, shook hands with them and told them that he believed them to be honest.

Now it has been disclosed that President Lowell did not allow this little episode to appear in the stenographic report of the proceedings, nor did he report it to Governor Fuller. It would seem, as Mr. Thompson pointed out, that if a serious alibi were established as true that would be as important as the fact that it had been discredited. But the failure of this frantic endeavor to cast a doubt on the Sacco alibi did not shake President Lowell's conviction. This is one more bit of confirmation to the already strong suspicion that the Lowell Committee had its mind pretty well made up before any evidence was taken, and that Sacco and Vanzetti were doomed at the outset. It is not likely that there will be any "explanations" forthcoming after this new disclosure, but the Harvard students do well to publish the facts. The truth about the part played by the head of our most important university in this tragic affair is a more important contribution to one's education than any course offered in the University.

Selling Oneself

THOSE tired business men of the campus who play so earnestly at keeping the wheels of student life turning are no fools. They generally know what they are after. In a symposium by the *University of Washington Daily* on the value of extra-curricular activities one of them wrote the following paragraph:

"The ability to sell oneself socially and in business is the one outstanding benefit that a student can derive from participation in extra-curricular activities. The necessity to mix well with other students in activities in order to accomplish anything in campus affairs is excellent discipline. If I train myself to be an efficient committeeman in a class of student body committee, I train myself to be efficient in service work when I become a citizen of my city, state and nation.

Canadian Enterprise

IN DECEMBER, 1926, the National Confederation of Canadian University Students was formed — one year after a similar organization appeared in the United States. Judging from the official report that has just been published the organization already has to its credit some important accomplishments. It has organized several national debate teams, perfected a "clearing house" for the assembling of information on student problems and promoted student travel abroad. In addition it has formed an Exchange System whereby Canadian students may without extra expense spend one year of study in a university in another part of Canada, and has promoted a co-operative book-purchasing scheme, which is said to effect a saving of ten thousand dollars annually to Canadian students.

Debate Problems

WE are glad to present on page 7 of this issue an article on the present status of college debating from the point of view of a student engaged in the activity.

Because there has been some misunderstanding of our attitude toward public speaking in college we take this opportunity to clarify further what we said last month in the editorial "Realism in Debate." We believe that debating will not be revived until there is some strong urge toward public expression; and then it will come in a secondary way through students who are interested in ideas first and the technique of public speaking only incidentally.

A new technique will not, in itself, bring about a revival.

The general superiority of British debaters over ours is not the result of a different technique in debating, but is due to the fact that the Britishers are mature-minded students, interested in ideas and able to handle them lightly and intelligently, whereas our students are not. When American students adopt the British style of light and informal debate the results are sometimes ludicrous. The American idea of lightness and informality consists of prefacing the usual heavy and formal debate with a few cheap wisecracks.

The most sincere, moving and effective student debating we have seen has been in connection with a mock presidential convention in 1924, when there was a genuine interest in the issues at stake, and only a purely secondary interest in oratory.

There are debate coaches who realize this and are doing whatever is possible under the circumstances. By no means do we wish to belittle their efforts. The following communication from a debate coach in a middle-western university is evidence that some at least of the present generation of debate coaches are fully aware of the situation and are doing their best to cope with it.

"Granted that our students are not mature, that in general they have little interest in public questions, and that they usually have no conception of the effective use of humor, why blame the debate coaches for the results? Debate coaches and teachers of speech are not, contrary to your assumption, generally interested in technique first and ideas afterward. The first interest of any competent teacher of speech is to have his students say something sensible. I recently caused a near-riot in a little college near here when, acting as an expert judge, I stated that I should vote against one team because it pre-

sented preposterous ideas very well. I made the point that a speaker who has poor ideas and good technique is one of the greatest possible menaces to any community, and gave as illustrations Tom Heflin and several others. Now that is the attitude of a very large proportion of debate coaches in this country today. Are we, as teachers, responsible, then, for the lack of maturity and intelligence of our students? We do not, as a profession, stress technique. Yet you implied in your original paragraph that we do and that we are therefore the greatest obstacle in the road to better forensics.

"Debate coaches all over the country pray nightly for speakers who will be mature and interested in ideas. When we find them, we thank God and use them. But if we can't find them, are we to blame? And can we be blamed if, being forced to work with students of less intelligence and little interest, we do the best we can, by modifying the technique of debating, to make them at least give the impression of intelligence and interest? Surely you can see the unfairness of such an opinion. If you must have a goat, why not pick the real one, the system which allows students to graduate at 19 and 20 before maturity of mind is possible? Or perhaps, if you want to probe deeper, the political system which places a premium upon the indifference of intelligent youths? A British student can step directly from the Oxford Union into Parliament. Why, then, shouldn't he be interested in politics and world affairs? Can an American student hope to do this? Is there any conceivable sense in his deciding while in college that he will take up politics as his life work? Of course not. If he ever does go into politics, it will be only after he has amassed a fortune at law or business. Why shouldn't his time in college be spent, then, in learning law or business? As a result, his interest, if any, in public questions is bound to be lukewarm.

"The task of stimulating this interest in the face of almost overwhelming odds has been thrust upon the teachers of speech. God knows we don't often succeed. But we do the best we can. And we resent it when the blame for our failure is thrown upon us rather than upon the system under which we labor and the material with which we have to work."

Trained Leaders

CAMPUS leaders at Lafayette College will be trained for their jobs by the faculty. The Lafayette Student Council has put forth a plan whereby the managers of student affairs will receive training in bookkeeping, budgeting and other such lines. The plan has been approved by the student body.

Caribbean Bound

TEACHERS and students of Latin American history, government, economics, life and manners will have an opportunity to tour the West Indies and Central America this summer with the First Caribbean Institute. A party will sail July 6 under the direction of Whiting Williams, author and journalist, and return August 13.

University professors and specialists in the Latin American field will accompany the party. A regular schedule of lectures will be observed aboard ship. There will, of course, be addresses in the various ports, by "leading statesmen, administration and business men," according to the announcement of the Bureau of University Travel of Newton, Massachusetts, which is conducting the tour.

Still Talking

ONCE upon a time the friends and foes of football hung up their axes soon after the last game in November, but that is no longer the case. Football discussion has become a year-around sport in itself. Discussion of football policy is just as common these spring days as complaints of the football coaches that men are not coming out promptly enough for spring practice.

At Columbia College a constant stream of criticism has poured in on the *Alumni News*, because of a habitually losing team and a consequent lack of enough spectators to fill the stadium. As a result of this complaint the *News* proposes that the department abandon the old athletic administration through an Athletic Committee, composed of an equal number of representative students alumni, and faculty. This served well enough for an amateur game, but if Columbia desires to play modern football, the sport ought to be reorganized, unified, given the status of a department, and made responsible to the president of the university only. The old system is a vestige of the old days of amateur sports and the *News* is undoubtedly right in urging an efficient modern machine if Columbia wishes to hold up her head in commercialized intercollegiate football.

Some students—still much in the minority, but an intelligent and aggressive one—are advocating another course that is open. They would abandon the expensive and distracting intercollegiate competition in football which so much resembles the futile armament races between nations. The editorial from the *Amherst Student*, reprinted on another page, is an evidence of this attitude. At Cornell, where an alumni committee is "investigating" the athletic situation, *The Sun* asks that these well-meaning adults stop worrying about the inability of Cornell teams to win games. *The Sun* says that "the situation does not want to be investigated. It wants to be left alone.

"Today's students are not less sports-loving. They derive just as much fun from the game as their fathers did, and they want to play the game with that same freedom that their fathers were allowed. When thirty-six hundred students participate in intramural athletics in a year, it may safely be said that they are not a bunch of S-spined bookworms. They simply do not like to feel that the University's President will lose his job if they drop a forward pass."

A Liberal Party

THE newly organized Liberal Party at the University of Denver will bear watching. With forty members as an active nucleus it has already two ambitious projects before it. The first is to get action on an intramural sports program to be substituted for intercollegiate baseball, and the second is a study to find out whether campus politics are dominated by any definite campus groups.

Five other proposed measures are "modification of the membership of the Interschool Council 'so as to be more representative'; more equitable division of the Student Association fee; means for increasing religious and racial good will on the campus; an effort to obtain participation of all campus organizations in Student Association meetings, and reflection of current political discussion on problems of local, state and national significance."

Against Hitchers

SOME joker in the New Hampshire legislature has proposed a license fee for hitch-hikers amounting to $5.50 per person. According to newspaper reports another measure was also proposed that would require them

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to display two headlights and a tail light when travelling at night.

No cause for laughter is contained in the pending Pennsylvania bill, however. It follows the example of New Jersey (*The New Student*, October, 1928) in forbidding this most pleasant, inexpensive and diverting form of travel.

"When it becomes a crime," complains *The Dickinsonian*, student newspaper of Dickinson College, "for a clean-cut, intelligent, honest college boy to ask a passing motorist for the means to get to his home and parents during a brief vacation period, then it is time to question the discretion of the legislative bodies."

Race Prejudice

THE FIRST fifty blanks filled out in a questionnaire issued by the Cosmopolitan Club of the University of Denver showed that eighty-six per cent of the women and eighty-eight per cent of the men who answered held race prejudices.

"Many of the students" according to The *Clarion*, "would bar Latin Americans, Orientals, Russians, Germans, Turks, Jews, Slavs, Negroes, and Italians alike even from honorary and professional fraternities, which we have always been asked to consider a just award for scholastic proficiency.

"Many more would insist that certain students must not hold University offices because they hail from the Orient, because of their color or because of their race. The inconsistency of their stand is revealed in the fact that all but one who desire discrimination in the award of student office answered 'yes' to the statement that 'character and ability should be the criteria of judgment when electing student government officers.'

"But what if this same 'character and ability' is displayed in a student with skin of darker hue or a religion somewhat different from our own? Then the answer is no!"

Similar questionnaires were released simultaneously at the University of Colorado, Colorado Agricultural College, Colorado State Teachers College and the Colorado School of Mines. Results of all will be compiled and discussed before the World Fellowship Retreat to be sponsored by the University of Denver late in March.

That some students do not harbor race prejudice, and are not afraid to proclaim the fact, is proclaimed by eleven Garrett Biblical Seminary students who recently quit their jobs as waiters in an Evanston hospital which discharged two other waiters because of their color.

Mooney-Billings Defense

MRS. DORA RUSSELL is not in America this year. There is no move to bar her from speaking at the University of Wisconsin, and able defenders of civil liberty in that usually free institution must direct their talents elsewhere. Fortunately they have taken up the case of Mooney and Billings, who after ten years still languish behind California prison bars because of their unorthodox views about capital and labor. Sidney Hertzberg and the Liberal Club, of which he is president, have begun a student agitation for the release of these two men. Hertzberg hopes that student groups in other colleges will lend their strength to the movement, and to that end he is cooperating with the American Civil Liberties Union and the recently formed Mooney-Billings National Defense Committee.

The plan is to form a National Committee for the freeing of Mooney and Billings. Appeals have gone out to about seven hundred individuals, representing various student organizations throughout the country. The co-operating signatories will be expected to hold meetings and discussions of the case; to help circulate a large, uniform petition asking for the release of the men ;to get the support of the faculty, and to write to persons and organizations in California, letting them know of their concern for the men's freedom; and, of course, to pass resolutions and send them to the Governor of California.

Any students who wish to co-operate in an effort to rectify this flagrant miscarriage of justice in California are requested to write to Mr. Sidney Hertzberg, Wisconsin Committee for Mooney and Billings, University of Wisconsin at Madison.

Intellectual Overproduction

UNEMPLOYMENT of intellectuals is a problem that has not worried the United States very much up to a year or so ago. But since the total yearly output of our colleges has reached the staggering sum of 800,000 there has been some talk about limiting enrollments. The fragmentary report of a yet incomplete study made by Dr. Harold F. Clark of Teachers College, Columbia University promises to throw considerable light on the subject.

About 800,000 students are studying in our colleges, Dr. Clark says, and a large proportion of these plan to enter the professions. The total employed in these professions is only twice that number. "What will happen to the professional salaries?", he asks, "when the number of college educated increases to 1,500,000, as it surely will." "You cannot train 100,000 people for 90,000 jobs without creating pressure to decrease the remuneration of the 90,000. Education is just as much a commodity as wheat and must be governed by the law of economics. . . ."

THE newspapers carried a fragmentary report of Dr. Clark's study, and it is too soon to comment on it. But, statistics or no statistics, the complaint that the colleges are gaining too many recruits for the white collar class is now taking on the proportions of a counter-revolution against what the authors of *Middletown* call the "dominant belief in the magic of formal schooling."

Hitherto the assumption has been unchallenged that if every boy did not have a good chance of becoming president of the United States he had a perfect one of obtaining a college education, and everyone ought to do his best to speed him on the way. This sentiment is far from unanimous these days. Every now and then a psychologist emerges from his laboratory with the announcement that only a few are capable of being educated beyond the rudiments of elementary learning. Members of various professions seeing their provinces invaded by the hordes fresh from universities are taking up the cry against mass education. Now it is the fashion to advocate an intellectual aristocracy; but somehow this aristocracy often gets confused with another sort of aristocracy, based rather on monetary than intellectual power.

The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, a publication of the University of Pennsylvania, voices the typical argument in a February issue. A leading editorial starts out with an argument against the Jeffersonian doctrine that "all men are born equal." The argument is bolstered by a quotation from an article by a University psychologist who maintains the University is trying to educate many who are inherently incapable of learning. He writes: "It is not the average boy's fault that nature has given him but little intellect. Intellect is the last step, till now, in evolution. It is less widespread than we hope it will be milleniums hence, and it is unstable We are trying to hurry nature. We have learned that a quart pot will not hold a gallon, when dealing with material things; we have not learned that it is just as true of the mental."

Immediately following this quotation the *Gazette* asks: "Is it heresy to suggest that many of our citizens should be taught to read and write? By doing more don't we rob ourselves of the laborers and also make those who fill those jobs unhappy by lending them a professor's imagination with a moron's possibility of fulfillment and achievement?"

The reader will have detected the shift from a purely "scientific" discussion to a typical argument of the haves for protection from the have-

nots. There follows an illuminating contribution to economic theory in the attribution of Great Britain's industrial depression to mass education.

THERE were plenty of commentators on Dr. Clark's study who were ready to agree that educaton ought not be regarded as a commodity like wheat or corn, but no one seemed to be willing to admit that in the present social order such was the case. Under present conditions it is practically impossible to enjoy the rich and humane life that an education postulates without taking advantage of the cash value of a degree. The two are inseparable. It is well enough to be virtuous and to say that a college education ought to be an end in itself, that we ought not pursue it for the instrumental value of a college degree in winning the daily bread; but how many who protest so stoutly forget their college degree when on a job-hunting tour?

MIDDLETOWN (Harcourt, Brace & Co.), that interesting anthropological study of a typical American community, has some pertinent information on what has made college education so popular in America. Every business class mother among a group of forty interviewed had planned to send her children through high school and all but three out of forty were definitely planning to send their children to college. All the plans for college in this group were contingent upon "if we can afford it." "The answer of one mother conveys the mood of many other families: 'Our oldest boy is doing fine in high school and his father says he'd like to send him to some nice college. The others will go through high school anyhow. If children don't have a good education they'll never know anything except hard work. Their father wants them to have as much education as he can afford.' Over and over again one sees both parents working to keep their children in college. 'I don't know how we are going to get the children through college, but we're going to. A boy without an education today just ain't anywhere.'"

This is the fundamental urge of the lower classes college-ward; a vague desire for a better life in negative terms of less drudgery. For them education is a mere commodity, just as Dr. Clark seems to view it, and the editors of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. For many of these ambitious youngsters the Good Life takes on ampler proportions after there has been some contact with literature and art and music, but that is something *added to* the former conception, not *substituted for* it. As long as most men work long hours at brutalizing and inhumane labor these privileged few who escape must look to their college degree for financial salvation.

If it is true, then, that we are turning out too many white collar workers, will the proper solution be limitation of enrollment? Ought the college, as the *Pennsylvania Gazette* advocates, exclude the sons and daughters of ditch diggers? Or would it do better if it educated them to return to their old jobs and by their intelligent leadership make them fit occupations for a life of enjoyment rather than drudgery?

Revolution

STUDENTS are the bane of despotic governments. More than one revolution has received its initial impulse from them. During the month of March students must have given sleepless nights to at least two dictators.

In Spain a student strike against the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera spread rapidly from Madrid to the provincial universities, as a protest against the severe punitive measures visited upon the five hundred cadets of the Artillery School at Segovia who took part in the recent revolutionary uprising. At least ten students were killed in street fighting and twelve hundred jailed.

From Venezuela come persistent rumors of unrest, just as persistently denied by President Juan Vincente Gomez. It was not, however, denied that the two hundred students who have been building roads for the Government in the interior of the country as a consequence of their unsuccessful attempts to overthrow the Dictator a year ago, have been sent to an island prison in the Bay of Puerto Cabello. It is reported that they were fomenting uprisings in the tropical labor camps and had to be put in isolation as the dreaded anniversary of their revolt approached.

"General Honors"

WITH the coming of the new curriculum at Columbia College (*The New Student*, May 2, 1928), General Honors, one of the most interesting educational experiments in recent years, dies. And there are some students who mourn the demise, despite assurances that the new curriculum will embody all that was good in this "Cook's Tour Through Knowledge."

Students who took General Honors studied a series of classical books of Western Civilization from Homer down to Sigmund Freud. The Honors students met once or twice a week with one or two instructors to discuss the books they were reading. The course was offered in conjunction with Special Honors, wherein the student did intensive work in the field of his special interest in conjunction with a tutor. Thus while he concentrated on a narrow range he also explored the great classics of all times in every field from science to poetry. The ground covered in General Honors may be seen in the syllabus of the course, *Classics of the Western World*, published by the American Library Association for its adult education classes. General Honors is an escape from "histories of thought, or of philosophy, or of literature, or the like," and brings the student face to face with the monuments of our civilization instead of giving him "impressions from second- or third-hand summaries and interpretations."

A communication to *The Spectator* gives a student version of the course:

"We realize that the defects of General Honors were numerous; everything about it was tinged somewhat with the sombre hue of inanition, vanity. Queer types of students got in. Some were men of crack superficial attainments with neither inclination nor ability to probe deeply into anything. Others justified their existence in Honors by being glib conversationalists—no mean social or intellectual achievement in itself — but hardly enough to ask of Honors men. Some were loafers of the sort that only colleges can produce and others could detail you the day by day story of Thucydides. Entrance requirements fluctuated and none of the methods served to eliminate a sufficient number of undesirables; such a condition naturally deterred a number of able men from entering the course, men who abhorred slovenly arrangement in a curriculum. How to determine grades was a moot question; classwork was insufficient where the instructor had lecturing propensities or where the student was of a silent, absorbent temperament; as for finals, oral examinations reacted unfavorably on inferiority complexes, plus or minus exams meant high grades for mere fact foundries and essays meant high grades for the verbally adroit. Length and frequency of assignments were irritating factors and good students lamented the superficial way in which they were compelled by the inadequacy of the time to take up their work.

"Withal, it was the conception underlying General Honors that was grand and unique. Hardened specialists were to be turned into men of more versatile knowledge; people taking accounting courses were to indulge in some race history or culture. The students were to be released from the tyranny of the daily assignments of C. C., and, browsing over the field of human achievements, were to get intellectual penchants in some worthy direction. General Honors was to re-

vive the old notion of a college, distinct from a business-, law- or medicine-preparing institution. Things were to be more affable, less rigorous; pipes were to be smoked, learning might even in the course of time come to be a social activity. The discussion group idea was to be worked out to a greater extent than in any other course within the college. The bull sessions somebody on *Spectator* invokes at least once a year were to have some broader basis to work on than hot air. You were to meet instructors and students off guard and to observe for yourself just what sort of a life activity academic culture really was."

THE MAIL BOX

Sirs: I was delighted with Dr. Beck's rejoinder to my article. It always delights an author to stir up candid, courteous criticism on the part of his readers and Dr. Beck is exquisitely polite. I thank him sincerely. One unfortunate understanding I should like to elucidate. I greatly admire Dr. Barnes. I have read all his books with profit and I have an avid interest in his articles. I never saw him until the day he dropped his bomb. He never heard of me in his life; therefore he could neither speak ill nor well of me and a grudge is impossible. I wrote him that I enjoyed his talk and could have given such a talk to such a group myself in my early twenties. I sincerely thought it misplaced and I said so but that has nothing to do with my general admiration for Barnes; I was interested because I thought his technique was off and we need him at his best constantly. I hugely enjoyed the display, because a sophomore in me still revels in such things; yet I was saddened that he did not take another tack. There is nothing further in Dr. Beck's tirade to which one can reply. I freely grant that he is my better at vituperation; at that I am very inept; I trust he will forgive me that.

Yours, etc.,
T. Swann Harding.
Baltimore, Md.

Can Debating Survive?

The Sad Fate of Forensics in a Jazz Age

By J. MACK SWIGERT

JUST why it is that college debating has taken such a flop is a question well worth considering. It is not only of importance to that small circle in our schools today who are attempting to continue the tradition, but it is also of significance to outsiders who seek an insight into certain phases of our present civilization.

That interest in intercollegiate debating has declined is almost a truism. Its importance has varied almost inversely with the passage of time. With its increase in years its stature in comparison with other college interests has grown less, until today it scarcely leads in prominence the university social service organizations. Assuming there is a skeptic, let him face the facts. On May 2, 1893, a Harvard College team traveled to New Haven to meet the Yale University debaters on the question of a protective tariff. The affair was recognized by both students and towns-people as somewhat of a social event, and over a thousand jammed the small hall. This included the so-called "best people." Presiding at the debate was the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew. The three judges were, President Seth Low of Columbia, President Gates of Amherst, and Professor Smith of Columbia. Imagine, if you can, a college debate being assisted today by such a distinguished group of men. Moreover, this was not a wholly exceptional case. Three years later a similar meeting drew the assistance of the following gentlemen: Chairman, Hon. E. J. Phelps; Judges; Hon. Elihu Root of New York; Albert H. Shaw, Editor, *Review of Reviews;* Walter Hines Page, Editor, *World's Work.*

Now come with me to another auditorium on an evening in the spring of 1928. Once again the representatives of Harvard and Yale mount the rostrum. Once again a question of international significance is before the house. But what a house! The audience is composed of a few more than one hundred individuals, but most of these are present for a motive ulterior to that of hearing college students talk. Their real purpose, it must be granted, is to enable the morning newspapers to carry the story that the policies of a famous Italian have been successfully vindicated by the very learned representatives of Harvard University. The presiding officer as well as the official judges are men of capacity but not of more than local distinction. I venture to say that the speeches presented on this evening are comparable in quality with those which preceded by three decades, but the genuine interest which was so evident at that time has almost completely disappeared.

Of the reasons for this decay the college man, I believe, is responsible for but one. That is the fairly general suspicion that debating is a pretty immoral activity. This sentiment was early expressed by Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote as follows in his *Autobiography*: "Personally I have not the slightest sympathy with debating contests in which each side is arbitrarily assigned a given proposition and told to maintain it without the least reference to whether those maintaining it believe it or not. . . . The present method of carrying on debates on such subjects as 'Our Colonial Policy,' or 'The Needs of a Navy,' or 'The Proper Position of the Courts in Constitutional Questions,' encourages precisely the wrong attitude among those who take part in them. There is no effort to instil sincerity and intensity of conviction. . . . I am sorry I did not study elocution in college, but

I am exceedingly glad that I did not take part in the type of debate in which stress is laid, not upon getting a speaker to think rightly, but on getting him to talk glibly on the side to which he is assigned, without regard either to what his convictions are or to what they ought to be."

Shortly after this appeared, debating was dropped from the list of subsidized activities at Harvard. Just a few days ago a professor told me that he believed the college had moved wisely, as he considered this form of forensic activity to be exceedingly detrimental to the morals of the participants. In vain I protested that he was thinking of debating as it was twenty or twenty-five years ago; that the practice of dual debates had made speaking against one's convictions unnecessary. My breath was wasted. The damage had been done. Hence a considerable share of the public suspects that the college speaker is, if not a hypocrite, at least somewhat of a cynic, and that when he storms on the rostrum he is attempting to impart to them convictions which he himself does not share. Of course people who believe such things cease attending college debates, so this misunderstanding accounts for a few less people in the modern audience.

But the chief reasons for a decline in interest are attributable less to the failings of the student orator than to the changes in the conditions of our everyday life. The "Gay Nineties" were not one-twelfth as sporting as one might suspect, and there weren't a tremendous number of places where respectable people might pass other than a homey evening. Consequently the college debate was a real recreation, with an appeal similar to that of Sunday meeting, where one might go and see hundreds of bald and hairy heads, meet friends and feel perfectly proper. Judge McCutcheon was there with his moustaches well waxed, and so was Mrs. Baker Belmont Jerome. Though the speeches were rarely interesting, one might go home with an excellent conscience.

Contrast that situation with the glamorous night life of today. Every town has its evening picture show, and many afford theater entertainment. The radio offers constant divertissement at a trifling cost. The criteria of respectability have changed: there is greater informality, and with increasing prosperity the average person does not find himself confronted with the task of finding something to do, but rather of selecting something from a variety of offerings. Under such conditions college debating, at least as it is conducted now, must suffer. To attract sizeable crowds today a program must be either entertaining or of very great educational value. Unfortunately the college debate fulfills neither requirement. It has retained the stiff-collared formality of the Nineties while the rest of the world has donned knickers. It has remained dismally serious while competitors have entered the market peddling smiles. Yet neither is it, nor can it by its nature, hope to be a really good educational medium. A youth of twenty cannot in his spare moments over a period of two or three weeks accumulate and organize enough material on a particular subject to enable him to contribute a great deal to the thought of the community. The public has come to know this. Moreover with the great increase in the number of college men the public has become more intimately acquainted with the breed, and though perhaps this familiarity has not provoked contempt, it at least has nullified any awe which once may have existed. No longer do people attend a debate simply for the thrill of seeing the college man in action.

You may counter that though these reasons may partially explain a decrease in the support of debating by outsiders, they are wholly insufficient to explain the fall in student attendance. Perhaps you were one of the throng that packed the old Cornell Armory some thirty years ago when the home team met a rival from the South. Maybe you recall that three-fourths of the student body attended that debate. Why, you ask, have those enrolled in the college withdrawn their support?

The answer to this question, although partially dependent on the factors already enumerated, is perhaps to an even greater degree affected by a changing conception of the importance of victory and by a significant trend of student philosophy towards individualism.

In the heyday of debating the rendering of the decision was almost universally conceded to be the big moment of the evening. It was for this, and this alone, that scores of students walked miles and sat for hours on hard-bottomed chairs. Almost any torture could be endured as long as there was a prospect of hearing the rumbling voice of the chairman announce that "Hoosis is the winner." Debating was a game, and the much maligned American victory "complex" was already making itself conspicuous. In at least one New England college, debating is still a game, and it is said that only a few months ago at the conclusion of one of these contests the chairman received the ballots from the judges, dashed to the pulpit, and beaming from ear to ear shouted, "Hurrah, we've won again!" But the novelty of winning is wearing off in most schools, and victory alone is hardly a sufficient inducement for attendance at a debate. If it is victory that you want you can attend football games, basketball games, baseball games, crew races or any of a dozen other sports, and get your final thrill plus a great many in between. But if you are like most students, you are getting tired of this victory business, and are becoming more and more exacting of the *content* of your amusement. The content of the average college debate is today, as it has always been, rather unsatisfactory. Consequently there is no compensation for the loss of sporting appeal, and the attendance of students has been reduced.

Coupled with a decrease in the evaluation of victory has come a similar decrease in the social unity of the college. Perhaps it is because of increasing attendance; perhaps because of a chang-

ing philosophy due to other factors. At any rate the college man appears to be assuming a different attitude toward his school and his fellow students than was true thirty years ago. Some have blamed the war for it. Regardless of cause, the student of today does not feel the moral obligation to attend group functions that was common at the period of his father's education. A generation ago the college man considered it somewhat of a duty to spur the school's representatives on to whatever they were striving after, even though his bit might only consist of warming a chair in the auditorium. The old speech that used to be made before every football game—"There are two parts to the team which meets Tate tomorrow. One part consists of eleven men on the field. The other part consists of *you* (invariably accompanied by a pointing of the finger) in the grandstands!"—conveyed a social philosophy which was generally accepted and which guaranteed a full dinner pail to every school activity. But for some reason or other this "*We* play," and "*We* win," spirit has come to be considered as a trifle ridiculous, and this shift in attitude has had an inevitable effect upon debating. No one longer feels *obliged* to sit through a dreary discussion of "Resolved: that the jury system should be abolished," and consequently almost no one does.

This accumulation of factors has virtually prepared traditional debating for the embalmer. In its place there must be created a new type of intercollegiate speaking. Above all this must be made interesting. It should actually entertain, yet at the same time be informational and convincing. The better English teams have proved this to be possible. Also the ridiculous "We are wholly right and you are wholly wrong" attitude must be substituted by more liberal and fair-minded tactics. There is little reason why a team should not acknowledge the good points of its opponents provided it has nothing better to offer as a substitute. Above all the attitude that debating is a game in which victory is of supreme importance must go.

In an effort to re-orientate this speaking activity into the modern world various novelties are beginning to appear throughout the country. One Texas college is sending on tour a team which dresses in native, cow-puncher costume—"boots, spurs, chaps, ten gallon hat and all." At the conclusion of the debate they present "twenty to thirty minutes of clean entertainment," consisting of "cow-boy ballads, cow-boy stories, stories of the western country in which they live, and like items." Although this appears to be a bit extreme, it is of cultural value, and constitutes a sincere attempt to make debating something more than a bore.

A West-coast college is also pioneering, and has devised the "Oregon Plan." Each team is composed of two speakers. The first speakers are allotted twenty minutes apiece in which to present the complete case for their side. Then the second speakers are allowed ten minutes each in which to cross-examine their opponents. The debate is concluded by ten-minute summaries. In this arrangement the period of cross-examination is actually exciting, and according to reports the schools which have adopted the plan are once more filling their *auditoria* for debates.

Whether intercollegiate forensics proceed to revive, or die a sullen death depends upon the success with which those interested in public speaking meet the new conditions resulting from a greatly increased competition in the field of evening amusements plus a changed attitude toward debating on the part of outsiders and students. If the decision element is minimized or abolished, and if debating is made genuinely interesting, then rejuvenation is possible. Otherwise the chairman's gavel and the inevitable pitcher of water must be relegated to the museum for the edification of future generations.

Putting Your Ideals to Work

By NORMAN STUDER

NOTHING so quickly blights the common garden variety of college idealism as the first rude contact with the workaday world. The student who discovers in his sophomore year that the world is out of joint progresses far enough in his senior year to perfect his scheme for bringing about his particular brand of Utopia; and the next year he bends every energy toward selling enough real estate to make that first payment on a little house in Suburbia.

Mr. William A. Robson described this dilemma of the college idealist in a suggestive article printed several years ago in *The New Student*. He wrote: "At college you can hold these ideals and with a little imagination not transgress them too flagrantly in practice. But when you leave the university it is a different matter. When that occurs you have either got to temporize with the world and its iniquities or be a voice crying in the wilderness. The world doesn't mind your being a voice crying in the wilderness in the least and will neither kill you nor torture you nor throw you into prison. It merely refuses to let you earn any money. A few courageous souls face the music and scrape along in penury for a year or two.

"Then they fall in love and all other thoughts —social ideals, ethical schemes and all—fall away like autumn leaves before the wind in face of the paramount desire to marry, to possess a house

and sufficient income to maintain it in comfort and security."

If we look about us we will find this oscillation between a lofty idealism and a hard materialism the most annoying characteristic of American life. Count the reactionary servitors of Big Business in Congress who once broke the lance for progressive principles. Watch the white hopes of progressivism in the Senate each year shedding prophet's robes for the easier garments of respectability. Is not the same true in our literary life, in law and the other professions? College idealists do not sin in this respect any more than do their elders. One might stop here and say that our social order is too hopelessly set in its ways for any change toward a more humane and just system of things. A deep sense of the futility of all the meager efforts of a few dissatisfied ones to change materially the course of things overwhelms the college graduate and reconciles him to a weary cynicism.

But that is not the whole truth. In a sense this situation is as much a criticism of our ideals as it is of the world we live in. For it is too often an idealism bred in the sheltered confines of college worlds and doomed to a deserved death in its first contact with reality. The disillusioned one is too hard hit to reconstruct out of the shattered bits of his dream a workable idealism fitted to the possibilities inherent in the life about him.

What needs to be done is to find out how a college graduate can combine his bread-and-butter work with some small but effective contribution to a better world. A group of seniors and recent college graduates in and about New York have evolved an organization that they believe will solve the problem, and it comes so close to the solution presented by Mr. Robson in the above-mentioned article that another quotation is pertinent here:

". . . If students would realize that in order to be useful and effective and constructive in political or social work it is not necessary to live outside the world, or even desirable to attempt to do so, much wasted effort would be saved.

"A way of approach which avoids the disillusionment and futility of which I have spoken is by the scientific method. The scientific approach to politics postulates that goodwill and altruism are necessary, but are not sufficient in themselves to overcome the difficulties with which our complex modern society is faced. Then, again, the scientist deals with particular parts of the social world, and does not attempt to cover it as a whole with loose sweeping generalizations. And he employs the inductive method.

"With this conception in mind, the student can go into his job freely and with an easy mind. His working environment is to be not a mere incident to the necessary business of earning a living, but a laboratory of social investigation. He has got his hands in the very clay of economic organization in a way which is not open to the professor sitting entrenched behind his college walls; and he is determined to turn his opportunity to good advantage."

The New York organization (as yet it has no name, so we will call it the Graduate Activity Association, until that deficiency is removed) issues a call to all college graduates in and about New York to some practical activity along the line of their interest. Several meetings have already been held and the following three lines of activity agreed upon for the present:

1. *Municipal Research*—This group will conduct investigations into the various phases of city government. The material will be sent to the press and an attempt made to give the findings as wide publicity as possible. Some of the concrete problems that are now being investigated by this group are: (a) The relation of the city administration to the newspaper. How much subsidy do they get from the administration in the form of advertising? How do tax assessments of newspaper properties compare with other assessments of similar properties? (b) Who are the people who get the $200,000,000 a year the city gives out in contracts? This will involve listing the firms and the party affiliations of the leading figures in them. Also a listing of the bonding companies. (c) Who gets the easy jobs the city has to offer? Starting with the civil service exempt positions, trace the extent of such positions, the monetary value, etc. Then the incumbents could be traced into the various assembly districts' political clubs. (d) An investigation of the transactions of the Department of Water, Gas and Electricity: a comparison of rates with those of other cities and an inquiry into the granting of franchises.

The chairman of this group is J. O. Herling, Harvard '28.

2. *Speakers' Bureau*—Furnish free speakers to young people's groups in churches, synagogues, settlements, Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. M. H. A.'s, etc. Members of the group would prepare speeches in their special fields of interest and a series of such talks could be arranged before local groups. These talks could sometimes be based on research done by the group.

3. *Industrial Research*—The attempt to control industrial conditions by utilizing the buying power of the consumers in the interest of labor is one which seems to offer great possibilities. Except for a few investigations conducted by the Consumers League of which the candy list is the latest and a notably successful one, resulting in a substantial betterment of wages and working conditions in ninety factories, almost nothing has been done with this newly recognized method of social control.

A group of students are attempting an experiment in this field which they hope will on the one hand produce immediate results and on the other hand introduce the experimenters to the conditions and methods of conducting research and perhaps enable them to develop a technique for attacking this particular problem on a wider front. For the present the group is restricting its efforts to industries about New York, in which information will be obtained by working, interviewing employers, etc. Mr. Felix Cohen, of the Columbia Law School, is chairman of this group.

This is a rough and incomplete picture of what may be done. Municipal research, for instance, will not be limited to an exposure of present corruption. All the research will be done with the co-operation of experts in the various fields. The group has neither political affiliations nor economic program. Emphasis will, of course, be placed upon useful research, and the material

uncovered will be made available to any municipal organization that wishes to use it for the betterment of present conditions.

It is hoped that college graduates in other communities will adopt the general outlines of this plan and fit them to the particular needs of their locality. There is one aspect of the plan that ought to interest college students who are wondering what practical contribution they can make while still at college, in their graduate research in the social sciences. A list of practical and live subjects for theses will be prepared by the "Graduate Activity Association." The organization will thus build a bridge between college and after-college work. When such a list is compiled it will be published in *The New Student*.

Obviously such an organization will be of slow growth. It is still in a very tentative stage, and its success will depend largely upon the ability to reach a group of dissatisfied college graduates who are tired of talk and wish to do some practical work. Anyone interested is asked to communicate with Mr. Hillman Bishop, 2929 Broadway, New York City.

Old Heidelberg

By HELEN JOAN JOHNSON

IF you were to go drifting up the river Neckar into Old Heidelberg on a certain night you would witness a glorious festive scene. The water near the Alte Neckarbrucke (Old Neckar Bridge) would glitter in the reflection of a myriad of lights from little boats sprinkled on its surface. And commanding and glorifying all is the Castle Schlob, flaming and crimson, comparable only to Apollo's chariot at sunset.

The occasion for this brilliancy and gaiety, you would learn, is the celebration of another twenty-fifth year of some university fraternity. Every fraternity in Heidelberg looks upon this rite as the most important of all fraternal life. Old Castle Schlob, now a mere skeleton since the French storming of 1870, stands, an illuminated sentinel to the festival of every fraternity. The fire in its midst glows through every ancient window and lights the somber, battered walls back to youth for a night.

Probably before you arrive, there has been a parade on the streets of Heidelberg, in which every man wears the fraternal colors in jackets and caps. Leading the parade are over a hundred alumni whose return is as important as home-coming in the American university. Almost without exception, every almnus has a scar across his face. evidence of the duels of old. Comparatively few of the young men have these scars.

But the duel is not a thing of the past. Though not allowed in Heidelberg now, matches are held at inns outside the town. It is more than a custom,—it was the foundation of the fraternities, the *raison d'etre*.

There really was a Student Prince, and he really fell in love with a barmaid. Amid the scenes and atmosphere of the well-known play still exist.

The Student Prince was a member of a fraternity of royalty, called Saxonia. This and a law fraternity and a few others of the twenty-five, have houses, but few can afford houses, especially since the World War when so many were destroyed. Every night at eleven o'clock the men have drinking parties. Those fraternities which have houses remain there, but the others gather at restaurants, sitting around long tables, where they have a jolly time, drinking and singing. When they part at about two o'clock, it is not in a state which we Americans might expect. A man can drink as much as he wishes, but the price of drunkenness is shame and ostracism. They know how to "hold their beer," as Americans would say.

When a man pledges a fraternity in Heidelberg he accepts the possibility of an extra year in school, for his fraternity demands so much of his time. American students may well count their blessings when contrasting their lot with that of the Heidelberg boy. When school hours and evening feasts and daily duel practice are taken out of the day there is little left. For school is attended from 7 A. M. to 12, and from 4 P. M. to 7, the afternoon being devoted largely to lunch. Often a student will take a course over again, for all exams are held before graduation, and Memory has a sorry task!

What might be called the center of life is a restaurant named *zum roten Ochsen* (The Red Ox). The law fraternity is especially fond of this place. The huge room with a long table is decorated beyond description with curios and collections, dating back hundreds of years. The ceiling is hung with great horns of oxen, and with lanterns, and other kinds of bric-a-brac. Rare old vases and pictures adorn the walls.

Custom has a way of honoring a professor. Several of the leading fraternity men bear torches up the street to the home of the honored. Here in the front yard they throw their torches into a pile; as they blaze, the men sing songs. The professor, who considers himself greatly honored, comes out on the porch, acknowledges the esteem, and gives a speech. Thus has it been for time immemorial.

College is not complete without a "term" in prison, thinks the student. On the third floor of the Administration Building are several rooms which were used for student prison rooms, until 1914 when the punishment of offenses was taken over by the Heidelberg Police Department. Inscriptions on the walls of these rooms bear witness to "prisoners" from all over the world. The keenest of German humor is found on those old walls, for the culprits had days to ransack their wit. A group of German students left witness to their offense in this inscription: "We were put in here for delivering stones to the Police Station through the window. Naturally not guilty." Each inmate inscribes his offense and leaves his picture, so the walls bear a wealth of illustrated literature to cheer the meddlesome prisoner with his bread-and-water rations. An American student was the last to leave his mark on the mottled wall.

Bismarck's son, the Student Prince, was in "prison" twice. No greater crime than to go down the streets of Heidelberg at night turning out all the street lamps on one's way, may warrant being dragged by the fist of Old Man University to the sacred lodgings of mischiefs. Over the prisoner's "lodging" may be the name Grand Hotel or Palais Royal, or some such ironical sign. And his visitors are warned by a sign, saying, "Do not bother prisoners with sticks or peanuts."

(*Continued on page* 22)

The Test of the Institute

By AMOS PINCHOT

The formation of a Yale Institute of Human Relations is without a doubt the most important event of the year in the academic world and we are glad to present an article by a Yale alumnus (reprinted from The Yale Daily News) on what seems to us at least one of the most important tests that the experiment will have to face. Any project that plans to turn scientific knowledge to such practical use is inevitably exposed to more taboos than are usually encountered in ordinary research. Here is the firing line of science, and the temptation to compromise is terrific.

The Institute plans to do in the field of research what progressive educators have been trying to accomplish in teaching: namely, a synthesis of knowledge. All the sciences that have anything to say about a given social institution will co-operate on a scale never before attempted in modern times.

The synthetic study of law may be taken as an example of the spirit of the new endeavor. A study that, quoting Dean R. M. Hutchins of the Yale School of Law,—has been primarily concerned as "something contained in books recording the decision of judges." Now, "we are beginning to realize that law does have some bearing upon life. In criminal law, in bankruptcy and compensation cases, in public utility rate decisions certainly the point of greatest importance should be not what other courts said but what will be the effect of the decisions upon the individuals immediately concerned.

"This being the case, the lawyers should know something about the human organism. He should certainly have a knowledge of economics and sociology.

"We have made the discovery that law is one of the social sciences, which must study human life as well as the written word. . . ."

The money for founding the Institute was given by the Rockefeller Foundation, the Commonwealth Fund and the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundation. The first project undertaken will be a study of the family. The study will deal with every phase of family life that is subject to scientific study: the relationship between parents and children, community influences, education, industry, food, habits, climate, and many other signal aspects of a complex living whole.

THE NEW Institute of Human Relations at Yale, has immense possibilities. By uniting such allied sciences as psychology, sociology, economics and politics, and focusing on each the light shed by the others, an instrument of unique usefulness may be created. Yet, at the outset, it may be well to discuss, in a spirit of entire frankness, the problem with which such an institute, financed as it is by a few allied foundations, confronts us. For it is a problem that affects the university's most valuable tradition—the tradition of intellectual independence.

The purpose of an educational institution is clear enough. It is to teach. But just what it should teach, and from what, if any, particular point of view, is by no means so easy to decide. It is, in fact, a question of such far-reaching importance that the president and the faculty, that is to say, the purely educational authorities, should have the utmost possible freedom in deciding it.

Not long ago, an economics professor in a medium-sized college, wrote me a number of letters that, it seems to me, have an intimate bearing on this question. He says that he finds it difficult, if not impossible, for him to treat his subject realistically in the classroom. And, he adds, that he is of the opinion that the same holds true of economics professors and instructors in many other colleges. By teaching economics, he explains, he means something more than putting his students in touch with its history and abstract principles. He looks at economics not merely as an academic science, but as a concrete and practical one, a science dealing with the present, and properly concerning itself with the industro-financial organization of the world we live in now. He says he experiences an embarrassment in discussing the more general aspects of economics, the theory of rent, the relation of gold production to prices, the history of the industrial revolution in England, etc. It is only, he says, when it comes to applying theory and history to the existing systems of production, distribution and finance in the United States, that he runs into an area which seems to him to be protected by an intangible, but none the less effective, taboo.

He goes on to say that such subjects as the cause of the increase in the price of basic commodities (coal, oil, gasoline, steel, freight and passenger rates, electrical power and light rates, etc.); the merits in the controversy between the believers in monopoly and the believers in competition; the principles and practices by which price control is sustained by the trusts; the relation of railroad rate differentials to monopoly; the influence of monopoly and the wealth accumulated thereby on society in general, and especially on politics—these, he says, and other subjects of equal bearing on current American life, seem, somehow, so far as really frank discussion is concerned, to have gradually drifted into the area of the taboo. Right here, he says, is where the rub comes.

Now, whether this man is right or wrong about the existence of a taboo does not particularly matter. What does matter is that he and some of his associates on the faculty are convinced there is such a taboo, and that their belief is reflected in the courses they give. In a word, whether a taboo exists or not, something undeniably does exist that causes a limitation in instruction, with the result that the average student graduates from the college in question, either with little conception of the forces which shape his country's life, and indirectly his own, or with notions so remote from reality as to have small value.

The college in which our professor teaches is supported by individuals and foundations, most of which derive their funds from a group of related industro-financial combinations, operating in the same basic industry, and, as is almost inevitably the case, having similar ideas on economics and social questions. This being the case, the professor feels that classroom discussion of these combinations, of their effect on competition and prices, of their relation to politics, etc., though in no sense forbidden, would, to say the least, be in doubtful taste, since it would tend to embarrass the trustees in their work of providing for the college's fiscal needs.

Here, precisely, is where difficulties lie in the path of Yale's Institute of Human Relations. As the Institute proves its usefulness and grows, its expenses will grow, and more funds will be required to meet them. And, no matter how impressed a donor may be with the desirability of unbiased inquiry and fearless catholic teaching, one cannot expect any man to part with money, if he fears it may be used to spread ideas he does not approve of. Sooner or later, the authorities are faced with the temptation, indeed from a certain point of view with the

duty, of so shaping the attitude of the Institute that the influx of funds will, at all events, not be checked.

To meet such a situation as this, to find the way to preserve the intellectual integrity of education, and yet to secure the wherewithal to carry education on, is today the most perplexing problem of the privately supported university.

Yale—and by Yale, I mean the faculty, the corporation, the undergraduate body, and the alumni—and among the latter should especially be included the generous men and women who have given to Yale so liberally and with such high aims—should allow no consideration whatever to interfere with a courageous facing and discussion of this problem. On its solution depends Yale's future.

Robinson Jeffers

By ELISEO VIVAS

ALTHOUGH all ages have been ages of transition, and art, if at all living, has always been experimental and never definitely jelled, we like to think of the products of our day as eminently so. We say this is an age of transition because we contemplate the past in larger masses, and sense only, at the distance, slower rhythms than those we sense at present. But of course this is only due to the accident of our point of view, which study and a historical sense try to correct. To a Thirteenth Century man the world no doubt must have appeared as chaotic as the present does to us. Yet the historical glory of the Thirteenth Century seems to us to be the perfect synthesis it achieved. Perhaps to the future our age will seem, in comparison with their speed and at the distance from which they will look at us, a supremely congruous age, fundamentally at peace with itself.

Yet it is true that our time, from our point of view, has been a period of rapid change and movement. And it is further true, from the same point of view, that the arts have been in a fervid state of excitement and experiment. Now that fervid seething in literature may or may not be found later to have been progress. But it certainly seems so to us who contemplate the change, are keenly conscious of the new styles and techniques almost daily introduced in it, and above all conscious of what seems to us to be the new aspirations of our artists. And because we are conscious of this unprecedented experimentation we have worked out theories of aesthetics which place the full import of art on its form, its technique, the means used to convey its content, with a consequent neglect of what must in the end remain the most important thing in art: the whole artistic work, embodying the artist's description of reality. On the other hand a critical school in America, finding little here which could measure up to what usually goes under the name of world's classics, yet holding implicitly to the importance of content, seems to judge American literature for the adequacy of those characteristics which it thinks or likes to think are uniquely American. The highest praise it can give art is that it is American, not that it is art—forgetting that an art which tries to grasp the particular usually ends by lifting only the superficial.

Those who speak of transition fail to note that every experimental work of ours worth considering as something more than an answer to a fad bears not only the character of an experiment but also a finality of completion, and a volume of content, which places it beyond the category of experiment for its own sake.

Not until we grant that significant works of art are unique and organic in their total value and significance, not until we grant that we must be careful in applying the dichotomy of form and content as instruments of analysis, are we ready to enter the world of Robinson Jeffers. But granting this, we must grant also certain corollaries of the above truth, and the most important of these is that there is a hierarchy in art depending for its order on the totality of aspects of the work of art, as an organic unit. This hierarchy is not definitely delimitable, but it is certainly recognizable. And thus critical evaluation would consist in analyzing a work of art with the aid of logical fictions for the purpose of placing it roughly somewhere in the hierarchy.

In the world of poetry Robinson Jeffers stands at the top. Since the publication of *Tamar* his name has been so often coupled with those of the Greeks, he has been given such high praise, that this statement, introduced by the long exordium which preceded it, may appear to be something as ridiculous as the parturition of the mountain. But I find it necessary to attack some of the fundamental assumptions underlying current aesthetics because accepting the current critical categories it is meaningless to speak of Jeffers' significance, or to place him roughly among the Greeks. The comment of which he has been the subject has been altogether too uncritical, the praise, at least that which is a matter of common knowledge, has been somewhat undiscriminating. In America we are naturally grateful to a major artist—we have been awaiting one for so long that like the Jews of the Middle Ages we are only too willing to force upon any one who should come to us with the marks of a prophet, the role of Messiah. We would have forced that role upon Whitman, had not political events since his death made us less ardent worshipers of Democracy. And now we wish to force it upon Jeffers. That Jeffers bears all the marks of a major poet we need not doubt. But it remains to be seen, and that we will only do through the application of moderately enthusiastic analysis, how truly great he is.

The reasons why we deem Jeffers great should be noted as definitely as possible, that we may inquire critically into them. Some of these have already been written down at length. The first thing we must note in his work—for each one of his large poems demands more than one reading—is the compelling intensity of his world. In his poetry we find ourselves from the very first line in a world all by itself, separated from ours not only by geographical barriers, but by psychic ones, not so easily named, yet much more effective as agents of isolation. We can easily enter the world of Frost, or of Sandburg, or of Robinson. We have barely to knock to enter; theirs is more or less like ours. There are differences no doubt, shades, lights, colors, lines not altogether familiar to us, for they are poets; but theirs is our universe nonetheless. Jeffers lives outside this world. We are told that he lives on the rocky coast of northwestern California, and reviewers praise him gratefully because he is an American writing of America. I think that is to belittle him or to flatter ourselves. His characters are no more American than they are Greek, or Roman, or Medieval. They are human beings stripped bare of accidental characteristics. They bear English or Spanish names, but they are naked men animated by fundamental human passions, and of these, by the most terrible. For this reason to enter his universe may be possible, but it requires adjustment, like diving at great depths—the pressure of human passions is

in his poetry so intense, the sparks of intercourse so sharp, the fury and lust and disquietude of his characters so tautly strung, and the symbolism so profuse, that one moves in it as the diver must, painfully lifting his leaden boots in the green undergrowth of the sea. As in all tragedy, in his poems ordinary things do not impinge upon author or reader: these are men and women of whom we read in his poetry, Tamar, Johnny the Hollander, Hood, Cawdor, but they are cast in definite molds, drawn after different lines than we, in whom forbidden urges give away so easily to convention. We have the sense of exaltation mixed with physical discomfort, we who read him pedestrially, as if he were inviting us to seek sleep under the gathered rays of the sun, focused upon us through a gigantic magnifying lense. And we seek uneasily to adjust ourselves to an overcharged atmosphere in which we cannot relax.

That intensity—the characteristic of exalted mystic genius expressing its power outside of religious channels—gains in Jeffers through the aid of what goes under the name of poetic imagination which is no other than the power to see each thing, a rock, a bird, a leaf, a giant redwood tree, in isolation first, and then or perhaps simultaneously, as a hub from which radiate the spokes of the cosmic wheel. And it is given expression in his poetry through the medium of images powerfully effective, yet subordinated entirely to the needs of the narrative. He is a poet in whom poetry is not embroidery or ornament, but in whom the image, the turn of phrase, the choice of word, are integral parts of the mood and passion of the verse, weft and woof of the very fabric. Which is another way of saying that he is the master of his medium and technique. In minor poets, in poets of undisciplined imagination, the language, the image, the metaphor obtrudes upon the burden of meaning. In Jeffers we think of his medium and of his instruments, if we think of them at all, afterwards; the course of events sweep us on because they are conveyed in a language which only rarely, and that almost always in his shorter poems, makes itself felt to the reader.

Yet it is not mastery of technique, or a powerful imagination, or a poetic intensity alone, that makes Robinson Jeffers the undeniably great poet that he is. These assume importance because the man is propelled to expression from the fullness of an urge that gives his poems an intellectual resonance which the great bulk of contemporary American poetry lacks. We have lyricists, we have poets of the transient mood, we have poets who are singing more or less supinely the monstrous glories of machinery; we have had, and not so long ago at that, one who roaming among tombstones, was able to read from them the ripped hypocrisy of life few ever see. But in none of these was the inspiration sustained and given wing through a large urge, as it is in Jeffers. That urge is the same that has led some philosophers on, that led Plato to seek refuge in his world of ideas, and Spinoza in God. It is a turn against life, against men in particular, towards peace. If we are ever to discover the secret of a man we must seek for its meaning in the crevices of his key words. Men use words, even those who seek logical clarity, very much as the magician uses them, as incantations; or they use them as symbols which gather, played upon the broken grounds of the mind, streamers and weeds and loam, meanings words were never meant to give expression to. Now Jeffers' key words are peace, repose, eternity and its synonyms. That Jeffers is a mystic is obvious to the superficial reader; what is less obvious is that this man, having been born too late to turn anchorite, has turned poet to seek through imaginative expression what his age, and also his temperament, prevent him from seeking undisturbed. Herons fly in his poems with repeated insistency. But they fly alone, in silence, in peace, as if the turmoil of men's earth could not touch them above. There are hawks and eagles with broken wings in his verse, but they are all placed symbolically beyond the smear and anxiety of human tragedy. In one of his poems he says a heron, with his remote, ridiculous quack, seems "to make silence more silent"; which translated into prose within its content, means that the solitude was not broken by the cry, because men only, and not animals, can break the peace of nature. The last four lines of *Tamar* bear this out further: Forbidden human lust has borne its fruits and fire consumed the human vessels whence forbidden appetite once welled; the broken grimace is no more, and now

Grass grows where the flame flowered;
A hallowed lawn strewn with a few black stones,
And brick of broken chimneys; all about these
The old trees, some of them scarred with fire, endure the seawind.

An examination, however, of his urge to peace will reveal an aspect of it which detracts from what, in its absence, we might consider his possible stature as a poet. In Jeffers that urge to peace has not yet been completely purified either by his spiritual activity or by his art; that urge is negative in him, it has not yet become positive. It springs from bitter hatred of man. The great poets have had, all of them, something of the misanthrope in them. Dante slashed against his contemporaries with something that was more than hatred of them individually; Shakespeare had also a measure of contempt for his kind. Plato and Spinoza spoke of the many in veiled contempt. Santayana has said somewhere that perhaps man's only true dignity is the capacity to despise himself. But the significant point is ,for our purpose at least, that in great poets and thinkers a fundamental strain of misanthropy has been in conflict with an equally fundamental acceptance of the sense of human dignity; or at least, their misanthropy has been particularized so as to gain strength and intensity and at the same time save itself from universal denial. That fundamental acceptance is lacking in Jeffers; he is a misanthrope in the full swing of hatred, seeking solitude among the rocks of Carmel Bay and yearning for peace, not because peace is an ultimate positive good, primarily, but because it is a relief from the harass of humanity. He hates man and men and the blade of his hatred truncates his greatness. There is no doubt largeness and fire enough in him to lift him out of the ranks of other American poets of the present, even if among them are found such men as the author of *Two Lives* or of *Spoon River*. But because he lacks the fundamental acceptance which has characterized the greatest—because his poetry is in a large measure a poetry of denial—to class him with Sophocles is unnecessary exaggeration.

The reason for that negative quality in his urge, which he has not overcome and which seems to be a constituent of it, is that he is obsessed by a sense of sin which prevents him from achieving the pagan peace towards which he aspires. He has been coupled with the Greeks, but the Greeks knew nothing of sin, though they knew of guilt. There is no space within the plan of this essay to speak of Jeffers' religiosity and of the other elements of his poetic psychology which contribute towards the fullness and intensity of his attitude. But it must be pointed out, however briefly, that his religiosity shattered by the inroads of scientific skepticism, has somehow become inverted, and makes him prey to a conflict on which

a tragic sense of life of classic ring, cannot stand. Tamar tells her father:

. . . you sinned, your old book calls it, and repented . . .
I was unluckier, I had no chance to repent, so I learned
something, we must keep sin pure,
Or it will poison us. . . .

Yet for all his own personal efforts to keep sin pure, his tragedy, unlike a Greek one, is not founded on the concept of fatality and guilt, but on the concept of sin, which demands not retribution, as guilt does, but purification.

But if the citadel of his fame cannot be placed next to that of the Greeks, nor with that of Dante or Shakespeare, it must be placed not far from theirs. There is surely no doubt that his large poems have all the characteristics of lasting works. Of this are handsel, not the rather hysterical acclaim of which he has been the object and to some extent the victim, but the inner quality of his work. In the great poet there are a myriad men, and these are found in Jeffers. The seething mass of human conflicts, the shooting arms and the clamor of voices within him, result in a romantic effervescence which alone could evoke the pity and terror he evokes. A misanthrope and a romantic, he seeks intensely for a peace which he cannot achieve outwardly in his isolated environment of northwestern California, for even here the echoes of a world he hates reach him from across the mountains. And he seeks inwardly for a peace which the cathartic power of art cannot give him permanently. But there is no danger for us that he will ever achieve it, and with it, that his urge to expression may falter. Because environment cannot resolve an inward conflict as radical as his, nor can isolation from men still his sense of sin, which he carries within him; nor could poetry do more than to quiet for a brief moment the clamor of conflicts which now goad him on to poetic expression.

Abolish Intercollegiate Athletics!

An Editorial from The Amherst Student

FOR a good many years the importance of intercollegiate athletics in the social life of American colleges and the country at large has been increasing. With their growth as an institution there has been an accompanying decadence in the spirit of sportsmanship. Instead of participating in varsity athletics because of a real love for the game itself and because it provides the body with a certain amount of needed exercise and the mind with equally necessary recreations, men compete for positions on the varsity in general because of the prestige it will bring themselves, their fraternities, or their college. For the individual, the winning of a place on the team is of primary importance and for the team, the winning of games. In this great institution of intercollegiate athletics the ideal of sports is forgotten and what should be incidental becomes fundamentally important.

It is the feeling of many men who have been successful in playing or coaching in recent years that the good derived from intercollegiate athletics is not worth all the time and effort they require. No one will deny that a moderate amount of time spent on sports is time well spent. However, it is doubtful whether the hours spent in practice, on trips, and in worrying about keeping one's place on the team or about winning games is really profitable. Players, spectators, and coaches in Amherst are not the only people who are dissatisfied with intercollegiate athletics. It is a general feeling in Eastern colleges. A few days ago an editorial appeared in the *New York Herald-Tribune* telling of a letter signed by Columbia alumni recently prominent in athletics condemning the coaches and disinterested undergraduates for not producing winning teams. The editorial commented on it as follows: "To read this letter (of which one would find analogies in every college alumni weekly in the country) one would never guess that the chief alleged business of the American college was the education of mind and character through study and play. One would never imagine that intercollegiate athletics was a side-show to the really important business of sports."

By abolishing intercollegiate athletics and substituting for them intramural sports the college could keep all the good features of athletic contests and be rid of all the bad aspects of an institution which is far from being a necessity. Men do enjoy intramural sports where winning is not put at such a premium. The worry and intensive practice which may be profitable for a professional athlete, but have no great value for an amateur who is trying primarily to get an education, are not necessary. In interfraternity contests men would be playing for the love of the game. Their bodies would profit by the exercise and yet not at the expense of a great deal of time which could better be put on the development of their minds. Since the results of the games would not be of overwhelming importance these athletic contests would be a more effective form of recreation than varsity athletics.

There could be interfraternity tournaments all during the year in the various sports of each season. The staff of the Department of Physical Education could divide their time equally between all the teams, teaching them the fundamentals of the game. At the end of a season either the winning fraternity team or a team made up of the outstanding players could play a similar team from Williams and Wesleyan. These contests with nearby colleges who are traditionally connected would be interesting and not out of accord with the spirit of the scheme, because of the nature of the teams. It would be similar to the plan of athletics in Oxford and Cambridge where they have intercollegiate games within the university and varsity teams chosen by invitation competing between the universities.

It is obvious that the intercollegiate type of football would have to be discontinued. At first thought this might seem to be a great loss, but after a more careful consideration of the game and talks with a great many men who have played or coached it in recent years it can be seen that its passing will be received gratefully by a great many. As a successful coach said a few years ago: "Any athletic exhibition which requires the presence of four highly trained and highly paid policemen is not a game. Football is an institution." . . .

Various other evils which are dependent for their existence on the institution of intercollegiate athletics would be wiped out. One of these is the system of hard, time-consuming and almost valueless managerial competitions. The main part of managing the teams could be done as it is at present by men in the fraternities. The work necessary in arranging schedules could be done very satisfactorily by a man chosen at a general election. Another evil which would be avoided is the fact that coaches' positions largely depend on the number of games they win.

In this system the length of a coach's stay would depend on his ability to teach the fundamentals of the game and his qualities as a man.

The fraternities would also benefit by this plan. The present rivalry in pledging athletes and the hard feelings caused by the elections of captains would be eliminated. Men would be chosen for their ability to fit in the social group even more than at present. The importance which would be attached to the winning of interfraternity games would hardly warrant the pledging of a man who was a good athlete but who would not be an addition socially. It might be said that the intense rivalry in athletics would cause bad feeling, but it does not seem likely in this sort of enjoyable recreation.

The collegiate world is faced with an unhealthy condition in athletics. The dissatisfaction with the highly organized institution which has grown out of it will inevitably lead to a change. Colleges are coming more and more to be serious educational institutions, the attitude of the students is changing and the institution of intercollegiate athletics which is of another time is becoming a misfit in the new order. Amherst is ideally suited to start this movement because of its comparatively small physical plant and the fraternity groups which could easily be adapted to this plan of intramural athletics. It has the opportunity to assume leadership by discarding a bad element in the American college and by taking a big step toward the ideal educational institution.

The Hermit

The Evolution of an Activity Hound

(*The Longhorn, University of Texas*)

By FRED ROMBERG

HIS FACE out of the direct light of a study lamp with a green shade, his feet cocked up uncomfortably on the pulled-out drawer of a large desk littered with laboratory sketches, drawing instruments and open books, a boy was reading from a letter. Two sprawled-out, shadowy figures were listening to the subdued voice.

"'I am having a damn good time, in spite of all the nitwits that clutter up the office during the daytime.'"

"Sounds like Bill," said Palmer, one of the listeners.

"Yeah. Let's see. 'We are working pretty hard right now on sera. I don't go home at all. I have a cot here in the State lab, and a desk, and I can spend about sixteen hours a day at work. It does me good, too, just what I need. I'd like to keep the job if it weren't for the asinine lab director here. As it is, I'll quit next year and come down and study some more.

"'By the way, Gene, watch my cousin Bert down there. See that he doesn't get going the way I did—you know—and try to be superior and individual. He'll suffer if he does—I know it. Make him go in for plays and debates, and all that. If he gets messed up in some specialty and gets to thinking he's better than anybody else on the campus, he's sure to be sorry for it afterwards. Don't let him think he's different! Be sure, Gene—.'"

No one said anything for seconds. Then Jawn spoke up:

"Well, can you beat that! From Bill who thought nobody but him knew anything at all!"

"Bill, the worst hermit on the campus!" Palmer went on: "Maybe he thinks he just missed something by not going in for activities, and doesn't want Bert to miss it too—the good fun he *might* have had."

"Hot air," said Gene. "Bill knows all about how much good fun you can have with the organizations."

"Huh?"

"Yeah. As soon as Bill got here he was pledged by that semi-high-hat bunch of K.O.'s, and then he did 'Y' work and sang in the Glee Club and became a regular old activity hound. Bragged about it, too. Not offensively, you know, but continually, in all his letters. I was a senior in high-school back home, and he sent us clippings by the ream, about how he performed in the big rally and played in the band and led out the grand march with Mabel Harrison—that college widow—and how he was honored at a banquet. Honest, it was terrible! And me back home, reading every clipping and envying him out of the bottom of my gaster. I wished him well, and hated him too, for doing better than I ever could.

"I tell you that boy was in everything, and did everything that a freshman boy could be in or do in this woman's college. And he was smart enough so he didn't have to study to make good grades. Those were days when he was too busy to do any thinking in particular, and he fitted in perfectly with all the people he went with. He did everything his 'Y' friends and frat brothers told him to do, and enjoyed it!"

"Aw, Gene! You're full of bull! Bill did all that?"

"You bet! All that, and worse."

"It sounds crazy," said Palmer.

"I know," said Gene. "But it's the truth! He was ambitious then, and not conceited or scientific."

"Well, when did he get interested in Zo? I thought he had never done anything else?"

"I'm coming to that. When he came back from school I heard him talking about Zo One and I wondered why any study should have even that much effect on him.

"Next year I was a freshman. I was Bill's protége, sort of, and he used to play daddy to me, and when I wanted something he pulled sophomoric strings and got it for me. So I was with him a good deal, and watched him. In about a month—he was taking that course in vertebrata—he began going out into the woods and catching snakes and turtles and sparrows and bringing them home to his room and cutting them up. He loved that, but the K. O.'s griped about the smell of formaldehyde. Then he got old De Haas to let him have a laboratory in the anatomy shack, and he kept his animals there for a while, and went over there every night.

"He was kinda hurt when one of the 'Y' fellows told him he was spending too much time destroying life, instead of making life better for his fellow creatures. I remember he used to sigh, on the afternoons of football games, when he had to stop what he was doing and go and yell. He got more and more miserable as the year went on. They all got after him about his lack of school spirit, and said he was backing down on 'em.

"The climax came in November. On Thanksgiving day the K. O.'s had an alumni banquet, and Bill, the representative student, had to get up and make a speech in front of that dumb rah-rah bunch of papas and *fratres in toto* that were gathered over there all ready to go to the game."

"Good grief, what did he say?" blurted out Palmer. "I can't imagine Bill talking to a gang of old grads, even if he had been an activity hound."

"You win," said Gene grimly. "He was nervous and tired by then, and felt he wasn't living the kind of life he wanted to, and he was sick of it all. He told 'em that football and school spirit and all related hot air and hooey

and soup and sapolio were useless and infantile. He pointed out that interest in intercollegiate games was indicative of a low stage of evolutionary development, and that —"

"My God! Didn't they lynch him?"

"Not right away. As soon as he was through the chapter president promised the old grads that something would be done about it. Then the whole fraternity adjourned to see us get beat 28 to 0. About six that afternoon Bill phoned me and told me to get any car I could and come 'round through the alley back of his house. When I got there he jumped out of a window and hopped into the car, faster than I ever saw any acrobat move. We were followed by whiskey bottles and baseball bats, but the whole house was so stewed it couldn't throw or drive, and we got away.

"The next day they called a formal meeting and threw Bill's junk out in the alley. I went and got it and brought it here, and that same day Bill resigned from every damn thing on the campus."

Jawn and Palmer gasped.

II

William Atherton's education and happiness began on that November day. He had found out what the world was, what it was worth to him and his kind, and what good he could do it and get out of it.

As he walked across the campus, free from all the disagreeable routine of duties that had been his, he thought hardly at all of the upturned noses on the walk, but much of the inviting laboratory before him, with the pleasant, acrid smell of formaldehyde and the sight of the enormous pickle tanks to greet him when he came in. He took up joyously a piece of his unfinished class-work, a partly dissected turtle. As he dug around after elusive minor arteries and examined the inner surface of the skull, his heart beat with the knowledge that he was free and wise, he had renounced the devil and all of his works, he was saved and happy in Abraham's bosom. His grandmother would have said it so, and the phrase returned to Bill now, and he wondered (for he had always, before this, despised the spiritual significance of these words), whether this was what they meant!

Most people would call Bill's happiness slow and dull. For Bill it was varied with cytology, heredity, anatomy, ecology, chemistry and morphology, and the far variety of these things kept him busy.

Who can get tired of watching red corpuscles tumble through narrow capillaries, and of registering new tropisms of new protozoa, and of finding nerves in ants' bodies, and of inoculating squealing guinea-pigs with strange elixirs? Who can but be happy when he is improving upon Aristotle, understanding the things that go on in men's muscles and stomachs, and pursuing the causes of the movement of a baby's little finger?

At all hours, Bill might be found in a third-floor laboratory, squinting up into a microscope. At noon and at midnight he would sit at his desk in his room, surrounded by stacks of paper and splashes of ink, studying, reading, writing.

For amusement, Bill went to see all the plays and musical comedies that came to town. And he went out for long days in the hills with Gene. The two of them, resting in a creek bottom, would strip rushes and fight with them, or, climbing up a bold-faced cliff, would examine the strata at their foreheads as they went up, talking about them and developing fearful theories as to their origin.

But other people, except maybe Gene, seldom concerned him. When he sat craned over a microscope he was not thinking of last night, or tomorrow night; he gave his whole attention to the stentors under the object lens.

Sometimes, though, he was caught. He couldn't help noticing people when he had to go to their parties. Once in a while some old friend of his mother's would invite Bill to a bridge game or a tea, and he went, as he was invited, out of a sense of duty. He would stand around with a blank expression, or play bad and uninterested bridge, until he realized he was being a dreadful bore. He deliberately neglected the specious good fellowship he had learned that first dark year, and always went home shrugging his shoulders and asking himself what it mattered, anyway. He didn't care for those people!

Once, toward the end of Bill's senior year, he had been working for a despairing six weeks on some marsupial embryos, trying to correct an absurd statement that Dr. De Haas had found in a journal, about mammalian degeneration. But the embryos were not enlightening. Bill worked hard and got no results. As he was walking home across the campus one night, having shut up his laboratory in disgust at 10 o'clock, he passed by the gymnasium where the weekly Varsity dance was being given. The squeal of the orchestra, the promenading couples were no new thing to him, and he remembered the intrigues and jealousies and fraternity obligations that had made his early dances miserable. Tonight, as he passed by on a walk, he saw a boy and a girl seated on a bench, and the girl's hair, shadowy, merged with the boy's in a long and ardent kiss. Bill was disgusted. He thought of the depravity of youth and the license of his fellow students. Symptoms of degeneracy, which would result in purging the racial stock of decadent elements! As he went down the long cement "perip" he looked around at the lighted windows and open doors, and saw the couples going in to dance. The orchestra played faintly through the distance, and when Bill went around the corner he broke step, defying his devil's challenge that made him keep time.

A week later Bill received a card inviting him to the home of Mrs. John Dowsett (formerly Miss Judd, of Bill's home town), from nine to one, with dancing. Bill went, deploring to Gene the necessity, but excusing himself on the ground that Mrs. Dowsett had been present at his christening. Gene stared while Bill put on his tie, and said nothing.

A Cadillac drove up to the house and Bill went almost precipitously downstairs and out of the door, waving his glove to the passengers as he got in. The Cadillac drove around to the Kappa Phi house, picked up a medium-sized blonde in a pink evening gown, and took them all over to Mrs. Dowsett's and deposited them.

Bill walked up to the be-flowered door with shoulders back, and rang the bell. When the door was opened he noticed, as the blonde Katherine passed by, her sparkling bracelet and bright slippers and her delicate jugular —he didn't think "jugular" then. They went in, and Bill spoke to the pompous, breasted chaperones and to the determined, weary-looking deans, who responded to his introduction of himself with a "How-do-you-do" that implied that they were happy to know him, they hadn't seen him before, they were glad the introduction was over, they wished him a good evening. Bill smiled and wished them a good evening aloud.

In a minute the music started, and Bill did not break step as he "went in a coranto" across the floor to where Katherine was dancing. Bill had long stuck to the ideal of steps that were either old and accepted, or entirely original. Now, as he whirled and clicked and hesitated, he took Katherine's and his own breath away.

He became again the glorious dancer. He remembered

the infinitesimal pressure that tells a partner how far to step, he recognized the faint drift of perfume, and spoke again the pleasant gallantries of his other days. He saw the agonized look of "stuck" girls, and went to relieve them —he had never dared to before. Suddenly he feared that some blasé Kappa Omicron from the stag line would tap him on the shoulder and order him to "lay off" a good dancer and go up and be stepped on by a heavy and voluble rush captain. But no one came, and Bill danced on. He was introduced to new girls; old ones, whom he had known before his disgrace, never quite succeeding in placing him. Everything was perfect.

In an intermission he took the arm of a tall Louise and led her out in the garden, where he made conversation as they had ordered him in the old days, but he had always been afraid. Louise looked at him curiously, and then laughed heartily with him, and they mounted the stairs back to the floor, beaming, when the music started again. Louise was a good dancer, but Katherine was better. Bill looked around at the super-sophisticated stag line and the harassed servers of punch and the roses and lanterns and balloons. Lovely! He danced on and on and on.

The dance was over, suddenly. Bill congratulated his hostess, and then found the Cadillac, with Katherine and Nelson and the others. He sat next to Katherine on the way home. She was warm and beautiful, and he looked at her often. She looked back at him and smiled.

They drove up to the Kappa Phi house, and Nelson took Katherine in. At the door she reached up, threw her arms around his neck, and they kissed a long kiss, like that couple on the bench the night of that other dance.

Bill went to bed with a set jaw. Next morning he went to the laboratory and tore up baby opossums with sharp scalpels and incisive wits—that morning and many other mornings—so that at his graduation he was especially commended, *summa cum laude*.

III

"Go on, Gene," said Jawn.

"All right. 'I don't know whether I was wrong or not —I hope I am right about myself—but it would not do for Bert, I know. He couldn't stand it. So thanks, Gene, ahead of time.

"'Be good, and don't lose your suspenders. Love to Palmer and Jawn.

"'Your friend,

"'BILL.'"

The Coming Election in England

By WILLIAM ORTON

THE task of governing Britain at the present time is no enviable one. Flourishing America is able to digest fiascos like prohibition, anachronisms like the tariff, muddles like the coal industry, without absolutely fatal consequences. But in England the political blunders of the past decade have brought the country to a pass from which it will take at least another decade to recover. No serious politician pretends that there is any speedy remedy.

In view of the gravity of the situation it is reasonable to hope that the June election will at least be fought on saner lines than its predecessors. Our memories of recent campaigns are fraught with misleading slogans and fatuous issues—Mr. George and his "Hang the Kaiser" campaign of 1918; Mr. Law and "back to normalcy"; Mr. Baldwin and the "policy of tranquility"; the miserable Zinovieff affair of '24. A cynic might say that England has been forced to choose, in the main, between two sets of people: the clever and crooked, or the honest and stupid, and has found both inadequate. At any rate, for stupidity the Baldwin regime holds the record.

The coming election is the first in which women of 21 will vote. Hitherto the vote has been confined to a specially qualified class of women of 30 and over. There are about five-and-a-quarter million of the new "flapper votes" of which over one and one-half million will belong to women of 25 or under. In one London constituency there are ten thousand domestic servants. Whether these will respond more readily to the social patronage of Conservatives and Liberals or the radical theories of Labor, is anybody's guess. How (or why) women vote is one of the mysteries of politics.

None of the three parties is in a strong position. The present government has undoubtedly lost the confidence of the country. Its majority in the House has been altogether too large for its health, and the tone of Parliament, to my observation, is distinctly demoralized. The government benches have refused to take the opposition seriously. There is a disposition for the two sides to "rag" each other until business has to be put through, when Baldwin, Churchill, Chamberlain or Joynson Hicks snaps out a curt rejoinder and the government machine rolls into the division lobbies. On the whole the Labor benches have shown commendable patience under a most provocative situation. It would have been a very different story if the Irish were still in the House.

On no important issue has the present government anything to its credit. Coal is a disgraceful piece of pusillanimity. Every commission and inquiry since the War has been agreed on the basic necessity of compulsory unification of the industry. The government has done nothing, primarily because it is a government of landowners and company directors. Last Christmas, under pressure of public indignation over conditions in the mining districts —which the Prince of Wales emphatically voiced—Baldwin announced that the government would pay pound for pound with private charity into the National Relief fund. A more complete confession of bankruptcy could hardly be devised. Of course, the roots of the trouble lie in Lloyd George's coal policy during the War and the peace treaty he sponsored; then there has been the shift in world trade and the revolution in power technique. But these factors merely increased the penalty on delay; and over against the tyrannies of dictatorship must be set the infinite misery and suffering that ensue when democracy proves unable to cope with its own problems.

The issue of a protective tariff has always been a fatal one for the government that raised it; but the next election is bound to be largely fought upon it, and the outcome is doubtful. The demand for tariffs comes from two main groups of Conservatives. The manufacturing group, faced with German, Belgian and American competition, has already secured many concessions under the plea of "safeguarding" British industries. Unfortunately, there is no way of insuring that a "safeguarded" industry, once it has got the tariff, either can or will reduce its costs or raise its efficiency to the level of its competitors; and if it does not, the net result will be simply higher prices

to the consumer and a reduced demand from foreign buyers of domestic goods. The English are therefore still very skeptical. On the other hand, an important group led by Lord Melchett (Alfred Mond, of the chemical trust), is playing with the idea of an imperial *Zollverein*. Now the main things that matter to dominion trade are food and raw materials; and to attempt to put tariffs on these for the sake of establishing preference to empire products would be political suicide. Baldwin is therefore in the clutch of an awkward dilemma.

The Liberals have by far the ablest of men, and the liberal industrial report (*Britain's Industrial Future*) is as fine a piece of investigation as has been produced by any party within living memory. The names of Keynes, Layton, Beveridge, Masterman, Muir, Samuel, Simon, Henderson and others are a guarantee of its quality. The name of Lloyd George is a more doubtful asset. Lord Grey is the leader of a small but influential group of Liberals who cannot stomach his political character or his personal dictatorship. The "Lloyd George fund" (reputed to be in the neighborhood of three million pounds) is still not at the disposal of the regular party machinery, and Grey is probably right in holding that association with Lloyd George will weaken the party in the eyes of British Liberals. The two wings will not fight each other in the general campaign, but the division represents an undeniable, though inevitable, source of weakness. Britain is preponderantly a Liberal country, and under leadership that was morally and racially acceptable to the voters the Liberals might become again the dominant party. As it is, I would give them over double their present strength in the House—say about one hundred seats in the new Parliament.

Ramsay Macdonald's own policy is much nearer the new Liberalism than is that of his own left wing; and where official Labor policy goes much beyond that of the majority Liberals it ceases, in my judgment, to be sound practical politics. There is a great difference between propagandist policy and policy that represents a responsible alternative government. Much Labor policy is in the former rather than the latter class. The demand for "Socialism in our time" is good propaganda but bad politics, and Macdonald, in choosing the policy of "gradualness," rebukes the inexperience of a large and vocal section of his supporters (followers would be too strong a word here). The same stricture applies to the Labor policy on coal (in *Coal and Commonsense*) and to the proposals for nationalization of banking and insurance.

Any talk of a Liberal-Labor alliance before the election is premature and futile. There are personal as well as political factors on both sides that render such a step impossible. Moreover, assuming (as is probable) that no party secures an absolute majority, the Liberals would not again combine with Labor to outvote the Conservatives without some preliminary understanding as to the composition of the government that was to follow. This might force a split in the heterogeneous Labor group, as well as some secessions from the Liberals to the Conservatives; but in the end it would make for a clearing of the atmosphere and the emergence of a really capable Liberal bloc—by whatever name it was called.

In foreign policy the mistakes of the past year need no recalling to American readers. A healthy sign is the emergence of a strong group of business men, backed by the *Daily Express* (Lord Beaverbrook's paper) in favor of closer relations with Russia. The reason is obvious. It is a safe prediction that the chauvinism of a small group in the Cabinet will not be able to withstand much longer the pressure of trading and financial interests toward a saner policy. The recent agreement of the powerful Deterding oil interests with the Soviet authorities is an important influence in this direction—an influence that will be felt on both sides of the Atlantic.

The state of Anglo-American relations is causing grave concern behind the scenes. There have been blunders on both sides, and President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech came at an unfortunate moment. It is permissible to point out certain elements of the situation that are sometimes ignored by Americans. The first is the geographical position of Britain. She cannot be indifferent to the policy of the great power that lies within gunshot of her southern coast, though on the whole she has maintained as much indifference as has the United States toward Mexico Then she depends to a greater extent than any other first-class power on ocean transport, as thousands of her citizens who ate potato-bread and horse meat during the War cannot forget.

Second, as to continental policy: France was induced to accept the present League of Nations by the promise of a special Anglo-American guarantee of security. The promise was not kept: America refused, and France has never felt secure. England accepted the responsibilities of the League in the confident assurance that America would share them with her. Without that assurance she would probably have declined them. America refused, and England has been embarrassed ever since. She does not know, in any action she may be called on by the League or the Locarno Treaties to undertake in the interests of world peace, what will be the American policy. America consistently refuses to give her any indication. In this respect, even the Briand-Kellogg Pact does not help much. What is a "defensive war"? Who is to decide? Is it true (as a prominent Englishman suggested in my hearing) that a "defensive war is a war that Wall Street is willing to finance?" How are we to know where we are without some agreed method of jointly deciding this question—a method that will make it impossible for England to discover, after she is committed to action, that she is on one side of the argument and America on the other?

These considerations need to be borne in mind when the next move is made toward naval disarmament. It is pretty generally agreed that the disarmament question is, for these reasons, primarily a political question, not a naval question. The two Navy departments are trying to play a game before they have agreed on the rules. If they go on long enough like that there will be a quarrel.

The present English government has been too much under the dominance of the Admiralty; Liberals of all persuasions are hoping that the election will put the admirals back on salt water and give the civilians a chance. There is substantial agreement (not as yet fully made public but extending even beyond the confines of the Liberal and Labor parties) on these main lines of policy: Let England offer to accept the American view of Maritime Law for all wars that are not League wars—or whatever equivalent definition Washington will accept. Then with that offer in hand, let her ask the United States to accept English practice for all wars that are League wars, so that we shall know beforehand what are the rules of the game. Then, and not till then, will there be a genuine chance of naval disarmament.

Students at any rate realize by this time that it is not safe, in this modern world of power and nationalism, to allow international relations to drift along in a haze. They know (at least in England and in Germany) that is is not wise to let the fighting departments go on planning for every possible contingency—as they are in duty bound to do—without attempting to set limits of law to the contingencies that shall be allowed to arise. Rich America can afford to take many chances, but there is one chance not even America can afford to take. Her prestige will surely not suffer in confessing as much.

Reviewer's Copy

Disillusion and the Absolute

By NEWTON ARVIN

"I conceive," said Mr. Foster, "that men are virtuous in proportion as they are enlightened; and that, as every generation increases in knowledge, it also increases in virtue."

"I wish it were so," said Mr. Escot; "but to me the very reverse appears to be the fact."—Headlong Hall.

IT was more than a hundred years ago that Peacock's Mr. Foster, the perfectibilian, and his Mr. Escot, the deteriorationist, aired their polarized theories at the charge of Squire Headlong's hospitality; but their spiritual descendants are still among us. "The perfectibility of man"!—the phrase itself, it is true, has quite gone out of fashion; but Mr. H. G. Wells doubtless has his disciples, and it was Mr. Wells who said, not so very many years ago, "In spite of all the confusions and thwartings of life, the halts and resiliencies and the counter-strokes of fate, it is manifest that in the long run human life becomes broader than it was, gentler than it was, finer and deeper. On the whole—and nowadays almost steadily—things *get better*." Mr. Escot's romantic view, that mankind is progressively falling away from its original state of purity and nobleness, has also had its hour; but the breach between man and nature still seems to many moderns to have widened, not contracted. Their recurring question is Hardy's:

Has some vast Imbecility,
Mighty to build and blend,
But impotent to tend,
Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardy?

And many of them must have assented silently, last fall, to Mr. Dreiser's confession of faithlessness in the *Bookman*: "I can make no comment on my work or my life that holds either interest or import for me. . . . Life is to me too much a welter and play of inscrutable forces to permit, in my case at least, any significant comment. . . . In short, I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed."

Certainly Mr. Escot, if he were alive today, would find many cultivated and thoughtful men with whom he could speak sympathetically. Like him, they might wish that the increase of knowledge meant an increase of virtue and happiness; but to them, as to him, "the very reverse appears to be the fact." Not all their spokesmen are to be listened to with much purely intellectual respect: Mr. Dreiser, for example, can no more deal with ideas than he probably could, unarmed, with free-ranging tigers; but when the case for disillusion is presented so astutely as it is by Mr. Joseph Krutch in *The Modern Temper*,[1] it behooves us all to give ear. What makes Mr. Krutch's argument so telling is partly that he pursues all his assumptions clearly and coherently to their necessary end, and partly that he writes with the minimum of attitudinizing—a real feat for a pessimist. To Mr. Krutch the universe gradually unveiled by modern science is a universe in which human life shows up more and more clearly as a casual product of indifferent forces, and one in which, therefore, human desires and aspirations have no real home. "The universe," he says, "becomes more and more what experience has revealed, less and less what imagination has created, and hence, since it was not designed to suit man's needs, less and less what he would have it be." Nor are the effects of increasing knowledge merely its effects upon the mind: it acts destructively too on the basis of emotion and on the faculty for significant experience. "To understand any of the illusions upon which the values of life depend inevitably destroys them"; and just as we can no longer believe in a beneficent Creator, so we can no longer believe seriously in romantic love, or in that potential nobility of man which is the secret of a great tragedy. "A Tragedy . . . must . . . have a hero, and from the universe as we see it, both the Glory of God and the Glory of Man have departed."

Such is Mr. Krutch's version of the Everlasting No. Unlike so many disillusionists, however, he has the courage of his lack of convictions: he does not take refuge in any of those Poictesmes in which the Cabells of the modern world escape from their responsibilities. His last word is one of despair, but it is a despair that asks for no trashy mitigations. If his assumptions were unanswerable, I do not see how we could all fail to follow him. Yet I doubt whether we need to make his assumptions. Take, for instance, the premise that lies behind his whole argument—the premise that "the pattern of nature . . . has no relation to the pattern of human needs and failings." It is true that the modern man, with the findings of science at his command, can no longer believe in any transcendental or teleological harmony between the natural order and his own aspirations. But does that mean that there can be no harmony at all? Is it not a survival of the old transcendentalism, the old teleology, that makes Mr. Krutch and the disillusionists demand an *a priori* sanction for their illusions, their needs, their sense of value? What if the sanction were one that had to be *worked toward*, not one given

[1] THE MODERN TEMPER: A Study and a Confession. Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

at the outset? When all is said and done, the one great fact remains—the fact that man's life is a product of nature's activity; a product as casual, as "purposeless," as unblessed, as you will, but still a natural product. Nothing we have learned or can learn about nature should have power, metaphysically, to send us into exile: our task is to use such knowledge in the furtherance of ideal ends of the sort that can be realized, and not to count on defeat until we are down and out. Only some bias of temperament should persuade a modern man that the cards have been finally dealt.

So it is with that other leading assumption of Mr. Krutch's—that "to understand any of the illusions upon which the values of life depend inevitably destroys them." For one thing, it is a question what can be meant by the word "understand." In one sense, we are in no danger, immediate or remote, of understanding such illusions as those upon which the values of love and hero-worship depend: in truth, they are intrinsically inscrutable; the fact of existence itself is an insoluble mystery; what can never be explained is precisely that we *should* value anything whatever. So far as value rests upon ultimate illusions, its basis is simply unshakable. What Mr. Krutch more particularly means, however, is that to understand the mechanisms of human behavior is to lose one's naive respect for it. To master the principle of the conditioned reflex—a principle so amply illustrated—is to see through not only Paolo and Francesca, but Saint Joan, Shakespeare, and Pasteur. Well, this is perhaps true if one can respect only what one cannot in any way account for. But to many men, things do not lose their beauty when they have been analyzed, and conduct does not lose its nobility when it has been causally explained. Ugly things remain; ignoble conduct surrounds us on every hand: it would be singular if we did not prefer, and therefore value, their opposites. Is it not almost a definition of the sentimentalist that he ceases to care for a thing when he sees it in *all* its relations?

Another way, I suppose, of refuting what is fallacious in Mr. Krutch's reasoning would be to point out that he is something of an absolutist. Obviously nature is not wholly propitious to men's desires; therefore, he argues, she is fundamentally not propitious to them at all. There is, for him, no middle ground between belief in the mystical friendliness of nature and acceptance of her radical hostility. This, at any rate, is the criticism of Mr. Krutch which I can imagine Mr. Paul Elmer More making, if I follow his course of thought in *The Demon of the Absolute*.[1] A middle ground between such extremes as these, is what Mr. More is always urging us to take up. And in itself this principle of mediation is one that we cannot finally reject. The "Caesar or nothing" of the absolutist must become more and more repugnant to the modern mind. This is the strength of Mr. More's already familiar defense of standards and tradition. "Standards," or impersonally defined values, we must have if we are to believe in the good life at all; the living tradition of human experience we must constantly resort to if our own experience is to be fruitful. That standards can never be infallible or absolute, does not mean, as Mr. More says, that they do not exist; that tradition may sometimes be superseded, does not mean that it is to be wholly discarded. And so with such fetishes as those of "Pure Art" and "Pure Science": in a world where the value of everything depends upon its *relations*, these abstractions of the absolutist are among the more harmful of the Idols of the Theater. His insight into such necessary truths as these is what makes Mr. More, along with Irving Babbitt, a critic who has done more for our generation than a small army of Menckens could possibly have done.

One has always felt, nevertheless, that there was a point beyond which one could not follow Mr. More or the rest of the New Humanists. If one still feels this, it is on the Demon of the Absolute himself that one may lay the blame. For Mr. More has his own unappealable, unconditioned dogma, and that is the dogma of Control. "Is not character," he once asked, "always in some way negative? Is it not of its very essence to act as a check upon the impulsive temperament, and even upon the ranging enthusiasms of the soul?" No! one is tempted to cry out: character is not in any sense "always" negative; *that* is an absolute more monstrous than any other. The "essence" of character is a positive thing: not absolutely positive, since the power of negation is one of its chief constituents; but positive in its direction, in its authority, in its momentum. Discipline is a thing of the utmost importance, but not in itself: it is important only in relation to something beyond it. If Mr. More admits this, and replies that the "something beyond" is happiness, we must ask him how he will describe that happiness positively. He will answer, he has already answered,—*circulus in probando!*—that it is to be described as the serenity which is the result of control. I submit that this is imperfect dialectic. I submit that it evades all the really thorny problems of morality—for these are mainly problems of choice. *What* impulses are to be controlled, and *when?*—these are the real questions; and, manifestly, to attempt an answer to them is to appeal beyond the principle of control itself. If Mr More is not here an absolutist I do not understand him when he speaks of "those secret places of the heart where, beneath all the distractions of blind events and the defensive crust of vanity, our conscience dwells face to face with *those everlasting laws* [my italics] to which the Antigone of Sophocles appealed against the tyranny of appearances."

As for standards, again, one's objection to the New Humanism is not that it makes too much of them but that, in a sense, it makes too little. How

[1]THE DEMON OF THE ABSOLUTE. New Shelburne Essays. Volume I. Paul Elmer More. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.50.

can standards be described except in terms of what we are to admire and prefer? And for how many positive things does the New Humanism enjoin our admiration or preference? Are we to admire brave men, or generous men, or productive men, or humorous men, or imaginative men, —or whom? The answer is, we are to admire men who have controlled themselves. If this is not a "deficiency of preferences," what is it to be called? The pursuit of the good life should certainly not be made more complicated than necessary: but there is a point beyond which moral problems cannot profitably be simplified. And so with literary criticism. What are the critical standards to which the New Humanists would have us appeal? The meagerness of their thought is most notorious here. Great books are books which are the work of men with the ethical imagination, and the ethical imagination is to be recognized as insight into the principle of control. What makes Homer great, what makes Dante great, what makes Shakespeare great, is simply this—that they have written pamphlets in defense of the inner check. So, in this volume, Mr. More writes in praise of Anthony Trollope; and one gathers only that Trollope's distinction rests on the soundness of his moral judgments, and the probity of his appeal to the right conventions. If this seems a flippant summary, one can but recommend the essay itself. Standards we do need: conceptions of the excellent both for living and for criticizing literature; and, in spite of Mr. Krutch, such conceptions may be something more than the desperate imaginings of metaphysical exiles. But a single dogmatic standard for both life and literature is no answer to that need. We shall have to look elsewhere than to the New Humanists for our own version of the Everlasting Yea.

Incentives to Study

THERE is so much theorizing about college education that one is often surprised at the meager attempts to get at the facts of college life with anything approaching scientific accuracy. For this reason the book published recently by Yale University giving the results of two years of sifting and analyzing the answers to some pertinent questionnaires is welcome.[1] It is a mine of information, and will undoubtedly have implications that extend further than the campus upon which it was made.

The study was begun on student initiative and was given the warm co-operation of student leaders. Especially important were the advance news stories appearing in the *Yale Daily News*, outlining the purpose of the survey and putting the students in the properly serious frame of mind to insure that the answers to the questions would be thoughtful and sincere.

The students, we are told, had been asking such questions as these: "What, after all, is the real purpose of a college education? What processes might improve students' adjustment to both the college situation and, later, to the world of affairs? What factors chiefly motivate students academically, and, if real apathy exists among a large body of undergraduates in this respect, to what is it attributable? How may the methods of selection of students be improved? And, above all, how can genuine intellectual stimulus, such as students manifest in so many other ways, be reawakened in connection with the undergraduate's essential job of study?" Out of these questions grew the analysis which is now available in book form.

One of the most interesting findings was that students who had to earn a moderate amount of their expenses get better grades than those who do not. It was also discovered that those engaged in extra-curricular activities excelled their inactive classmates. (Thus corroborating the study of extra-curricular activities in a number of colleges, published in *The New Student*, March 3, 1926).

Probably the most significant data of all was that relating to required courses. It was shown that students do less effective and valuable work upon required courses than they do upon elective. They expend less time and effort in doing the things that they must do than upon those that really interest them. If the requirements fall outside the field of concentration this negligence is even more apparent. From these facts Dr. Crawford argues that unless the purpose of these required courses is made more clear they do more harm than good. If the study reached any central conclusion it was this, that "*purpose, appreciable by the student, strongly influences his academic motivation, and, thereby, his accomplishments*," and that the curriculum as it stands fails in this, especially for the superior students.

The results of this survey lead Dr. Crawford to conclusions which are not new, but which are considerably strengthened by these statistics. They lead him to the curriculum proposed by Professor Richardson in *The Study of a Liberal College* whose main planks are: A minimum of required subjects; a major which shall be planned as a coherent whole; and comprehensive examinations covering the entire field of study instead of frequent quizzes.

There is one caution that one is obliged to give to those who undertake a statistical criticism of education: they must understand the limitations of the statistical method. Because requirements are distasteful, for many reasons —most of which are good—Dr. Crawford is in favor of abandoning the principle that acquaintance with certain subjects is an absolute necessity for the educated man. That is a conclusion that no amount of statistics will ever establish. The evidence is important; but in the end, what a liberal education really is, is something to be decided by the educational philosophers, not the statisticians. And many of the poor rats who have floundered about in the maze of the elective system are coming to realize that there are some bodies of knowledge that every man who wishes to call himself liberally educated must be acquainted with. Statistical evidence that required subjects are distasteful cannot, therefore, be the sole criterion in settling this matter.

[1] INCENTIVES TO STUDY. Albert Beecher Crawford. Yale University Press. $5.00.

(*Continued from page* 11)

Unlike most American schools, old, old, buildings make up the campus at Heidelberg. Furthermore, they are so scattered throughout the town that students pass through the main streets many times a day.

One feels that everything about Old Heidelberg is imbued with antiquity. From the illumination of the Castle to a photograph on the wall of old *zum roten Ochsen*, it all breathes of the living dead. Such wealth of tradition is boasted by few nations. The feet of ancestors trod the same steps as their descendants, "even unto the twentieth generation" and quaffed many a time the same, unchanged cup of life. Old Heidelberg listens not to the dictates of fashion. Its posterity is secure in the code of six centuries. And perhaps as long as old Castle Schlob shall stand, it will jealously toil for the scepter of antiquity.

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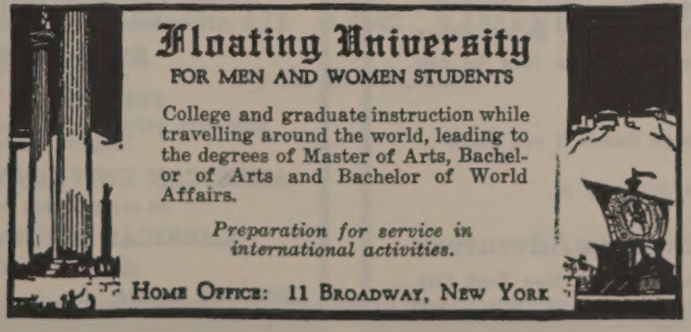
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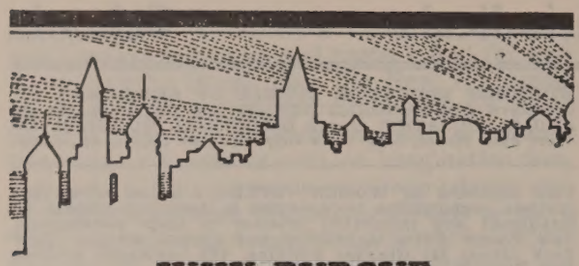

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